MARVEL

38

WOLVERINE® ORIGINS

WAY
EATON
HENNESSEY
TROY

PERSPIRATION
DOB 09
INSPIRATION
JIM LEE

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WOLVERINE
ORIGINS

The mutant Wolverine has spent a century fighting those who would manipulate him for his unique powers—razor-sharp claws, heightened senses, and a healing factor capable of miracles. After repeated brainwashing, torture, and reprogramming, Wolverine's past was as much a mystery to him as to anyone. With those long-lost memories returned to him, Wolverine has set out on a mission to punish the conspirators who have wronged him.

Wolverine has finally found his long-lost son, Daken. Just like his father, Daken is vicious, ruthless and virtually unstoppable—and both father and son have spent their entire lives being manipulated by a dark figure known only as Romulus.

Logan and Daken set off to find Romulus and exact their revenge—but Daken betrayed his father—nearly killing Logan in the process.

Free for the moment from his troubled son's machinations, Logan follows Romulus's right-hand man Victor Hudson to Russia, hoping to pick up Romulus's trail…but instead finds himself locked in a prison with none other than the deadly Russian mutant Omega Red!

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PULKOVO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT
9 HOURS AGO:

"〈YOU HAVE *DETAINED* THIS MAN?〉"

"〈YES, HE ARRIVED ON A FLIGHT FROM THE UNITED STATES THIS AFTERNOON. HOW HE WAS ABLE TO *BOARD* THE FLIGHT IS QUITE A MYSTERY...〉"

〈...WHEN TAKING INTO CONSIDERATION HE IS WANTED FOR QUESTIONING BY AT LEAST *SEVEN INTERNATIONAL AGENCIES.*〉

〈WE ARE HOLDING HIM UNTIL THE *EMBASSIES* SORT OUT THE MATTER.〉

〈HE IS TO COME WITH US.〉

〈IMMEDIATELY.〉

〈I'M SORRY, THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE. *FSB* MUST WAIT IN LINE WITH EVERYONE ELSE.〉

〈YOU *MISUNDERSTAND*, MR. DIRECTOR.〉

〈WE ARE INFORMING YOU OF *WHAT IS TO HAPPEN*, NOT ASKING WHETHER OR NOT IT IS POSSIBLE.〉

〈HE IS TO COME WITH US.〉
〈IMMEDIATELY.〉
〈...I SEE.〉
〈MAY I ASK ON WHOSE AUTHORITY?〉
〈IF I WERE YOU, I WOULD NOT.〉
ROMULUS
PART TWO

VUTLUGA PRISON
NOW:

WHY DO YOU *STRUGGLE* SO MUCH, WOLVERINE? IS THIS NOT WHAT YOU *WANTED*?

WHY *ELSE* WOULD YOU HAVE COME TO THIS PLACE...

...*IF* NOT TO DIE?

WHEN I CAME HERE, I THOUGHT I'D FOUND *ROMULUS.*

I SHOULD'VE PULLED BACK *IMMEDIATELY.* REGROUPED. COME UP WITH A *PLAN.*

BUT I'VE *BEEN* WAITIN' FOR *SO LONG...*

...SO I CHARGED IN.

KR-OOM!

UNPREPARED.

STUPID.

SSLASSH!

BLIND.

THIS WAS A SET-UP.

AN *AMBUSH.*

THE *CARBONADIUM SYNTHESIZER.*

MINE AT LAST.

BACK DURIN' THE *COLD WAR*, RUSSIAN SCIENTISTS CAME UP WITH A METAL THEY CALLED *CARBONADIUM*--IT WAS THEIR ANSWER TO *ADAMANTIUM.*

BUT IN THEIR RUSH TO PLEASE THEIR *BOSSES*, THE SCIENTISTS GLOSSED OVER ONE *VERY IMPORTANT DETAIL*-- CARBONADIUM IS *HIGHLY RADIOACTIVE.*

AN' RED'S BODY IS *SHOT THROUGH WITH THE STUFF.*

ALL THOSE YEARS YOU *KEPT* THIS FROM ME...

THIS METAL *EATING AWAY AT MY BODY*, AT MY *MIND*...

THE C-SYNTH IS THE ONLY THING THAT CAN PERMANENTLY STABILIZE THE RADIATION.

...IT WAS TORTURE I CANNOT DESCRIBE.

INSTEAD, I WILL SHOW YOU.

I KNOW OF YOUR *MUTANT HEALING FACTOR*. I KNOW THAT KILLING YOU WILL TAKE A *VERY* LONG TIME. BUT NOW THAT I HAVE *EVERYTHING I HAVE EVER WANTED*...

...I AM IN NO HURRY.

OBAKRIL TRAIN STATION
6 HOURS AGO:

〈QUICKLY! QUICKLY, SON-- OR WE'LL MISS THE TRAIN!〉

〈OFFICIAL BUSINESS. OUT OF THE WAY, BOY.〉

〈TICKETS, PLEASE.〉

〈WHY WOULD THE FSB BE HERE? AND WHO ON EARTH COULD DO THIS WITHOUT BEING SEEN?〉

〈WHAT SHOULD WE DO? THEY ARE FSB!〉

VUTLUGA PRISON NOW:

WHERE ARE YOUR *FRIENDS*, WOLVERINE? WHY DO THEY NOT COME...

...TO *SAVE* YOU?!

DON'T *NEED* 'EM...

...TO TAKE CARE O' *YER* PUNK ASS.

SSSAP!

HHRRR--!

IS THAT SO...?

KARROOMM!

SO MUCH...

...STRONGER THAN LAST TIME.

HOW...?

〈HELP... ME...〉

THERE WAS A *REASON* WHY THOSE RUSSIAN SCIENTISTS CHOSE *ARKADY ROSSOVICH* TO BECOME *OMEGA RED*--HIS MUTANT ABILITIES *MASKED* THE *NEGATIVE EFFECTS OF THE CARBONADIUM.*

RED CAN "*FEED*" OFF OF OTHERS, TO SIPHON OFF THEIR *LIFE FORCE* AN' USE IT FOR *HIMSELF.* IT'S ONLY *TEMPORARY*, THOUGH... AN' IT'S ONLY *EFFECTIVE* WHEN HE HAS READY ACCESS TO PLENTY O' HEALTHY "*DONORS.*"

MEANIN' I COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A WORSE PLACE TO FIGHT THIS BASTARD IF I'D *TRIED.*

GET UP.

〈PAPA?〉

〈WE'RE HERE! GET UP!〉

HMM--?

〈WHAT? NO...〉

〈THAT IS NOT POSSIBLE...〉

〈THEN WHY HAS THE TRAIN STOPPED?〉

〈PLEASE EXCUSE THE DELAY-- WE WILL BE UNDERWAY IN ONLY A FEW MOMENTS.〉

〈PLEASE REMAIN IN YOUR SEATS.〉

〈AH, YOU SEE? THERE IS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.〉

〈NOTHING AT ALL.〉

"〈JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND GO TO SLEEP...THIS WILL BE OVER BEFORE YOU KNOW IT.〉"

IF I DON'T GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE *SOON*...

...THESE MEN ARE DOOMED. *RED'LL DRAIN 'EM DRY.*

AN' IT AIN'T LIKE I'M DOIN' TOO GOOD HERE, *EITHER.*

VISION'S COMIN' BACK...*SORTA.*

BUT I'M GONNA KEEP THAT LITTLE FACT TO *MYSELF*, FOR NOW.

HEH...

I'M OVER *HERE*, BLIND MAN...

SSLASSH!

SSLASSH!

YUP...

...BUT THE *C-SYNTH* IS OVER *HERE.*

RED'S BEEN PLAYIN' IT REAL SMART SO FAR-- USING HIS TENTACLES, KEEPIN' HIS DISTANCE. *STAYIN' CLEAR O' MY CLAWS.*

IF I'M GONNA HAVE *ANY CHANCE AT ALL...*

GIVE THAT...

...*BACK* TO ME.

...I GOTTA BRING HIM IN CLOSE.

COME AN' GET IT.

I'M *HALF-BLIND.*

I CAN ONLY USE *ONE ARM.*

AN' I'M ABOUT AS WEAK AS I CAN BE AN' STILL STAND UP.

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS WAS MY PLAN.

SNIKT!

RED'S *STRONGER* THAN ME...

SHAK!

SSHOKK!

TALLER THAN ME...

...AN' *HEAVIER* THAN ME.

WSSSHHH--!

SSHUK!

BUT I CAN USE THOSE *LAST* TWO THINGS *AGAINST* HIM.

RRR-*AAH!*

C'MON, RED-- DON'T GIVE UP *NOW*...

YEAH, RIGHT.

LIKE HE EVER HAS.

GOTTA FIND A WAY TO EVEN THINGS UP A BIT--THAT WAS ABOUT ALL THE *TOE-TO-TOE ACTION* I THINK I CAN *HANDLE* RIGHT NOW.

THAT'LL WORK.

SSHHRAK!

THEY AIN'T MADE O' *CARBONADIUM*, BUT THEY'RE LONG, THEY'RE HEAVY...

LET'S TRY THIS AGAIN.

...AN' I CAN DAMN SURE USE 'EM TO PUT SOME *PAIN* ON THIS BASTARD.

NOT MUCH *POINT* IN DOIN' THIS--EVERY BIT I TAKE *OUT* OF HIM, HE JUST REPLACES WITH A BIT O' *ME*.

BUT I *HATE* THIS PIECE O' CRAP.

I WANNA HIT 'IM.

KRANCH!

MUCH AS I CAN...

WRURNCH!

...WHILE I CAN.

RUNNCH!

HRNN...

SSHASSH

JUST A GLANCIN' BLOW--*PAINFUL*, BUT NOT MUCH BEHIND IT. *RED'S DISTRACTED.*

HE'S REALIZED I DON'T HAVE THE *C-SYNTH*, ANYMORE.

THERE YA GO... *RIGHT OVER THERE.*

WHAT'S IT GONNA BE, RED? *ME*, OR--?

GOTCHA, SUCKER.

CHANK!

CHYORT VOZ'MI...

CHUNK!

RRAHRR!

GRRRR...

SSIMMG!

IT'D BE SO EASY.

HE'D TRY TO KEEP ME BACK WITH HIS TENTACLES, BUT EVENTUALLY I'D GET CLOSE ENOUGH.

SINK 'EM INTO HIS BELLY, PULL TO THE SIDE...WATCH HIS GUTS COME SPILLIN' OUT.

IT'D BE SO EASY.

IF I FINISHED HIM OFF, HE'D JUST SIPHON WHAT HE NEEDED AWAY FROM THE PRISONERS. *HE'D KILL EVERY ONE OF 'EM.*

NO, THIS IS AS FAR AS THINGS ARE GONNA GO...*HERE.*

UNGHH...

I HAVE THE C-SYNTH. HE'LL CHASE AFTER ME.

EVENTUALLY, HE'LL CATCH UP TO ME.

RRAAHRR!

SHAKT!

AND WHEN HE *DOES...*

RUN AWAY, COWARD--BUT KNOW THAT I AM BEHIND YOU *ALWAYS.*

WHEN WE MEET *NEXT*, THINGS WILL GO...*MUCH* DIFFERENTLY.

YER *RIGHT*, THEY WILL.

"WOLVERINE HAS LEFT THE PRISON."

"AND OMEGA RED...?"

"DEAD, I'M ASSUMIN'. NO WAY HE'D LEAVE SOMEBODY THAT DANGEROUS AT HIS REAR."

HUFF! HUFF!

"YOUR ASSUMPTION MAY CAUSE YOU TO MAKE THAT VERY MISTAKE."

"I KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN'."

"THUS FAR, YOU'VE DONE NOTHING."

HUFF--!

"THE FIGHT TOOK EVERYTHING WOLVERINE HAD--HE'S WEAK NOW, BARELY ABLE TO WALK."

H--!

"AND YET, YOU FEAR HIM."

FWUMP!

"NO...

I'VE JUST BEEN WAITIN' FOR THE *PERFECT OPPORTUNITY.*

TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT